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## NOTES AND QUERIES

MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE. *Camp-Meeting Hymn*. — The following is a prevalent camp-meeting hymn, and was sung to me by a laundress, in such an extremely high-pitched voice that it very closely resembles a screech.

I UZ DERE WIN HE WALKED IN GALILEE

*Moderato*

1. I uz dere win he walk'd in Gal-i-lee, Gal-i-lee; I uz  
dere win he walk'd in Gal-i-lee. Oh, some-times my trub-les  
make me trim-ble, trim-ble, I uz dere win he walk'd in Gal-i-lee.

2. I uz dere win dey nailed 'im to der cross, to der cross. I uz dere win dey nailed 'im to der cross, Oh-o! how hit makes me sadder, sadder, win I think how dey nailed 'im to der cross.
3. I uz dere win dey took 'im down, took 'im, I uz dere win dey took him down, Oh-o! how hit makes miah spiriat trimble, trimble, win r'calls how dey took 'im down.

*Miscellaneous Items of Folk-Lore*. — Ef a rabbit runs scrossed de road in front ub yo', hits a sho' sign ob bad luck; en ef yo' wants ter hab good luck, tu'n 'round and walk backwards twell yo' dun past de place whey de rabbit dun crossed de road et.

Ef a squir'l rund a'ross de road in front ub yo', yo's suah ter 'abe good luck.

Ef er bird gits one ub yer yhars en yoses hit to make hits nest wid, yer's bound to hav' er yead-ache. Another young negro adds, "En hits bound ter gib yer er wand'r'ing mind;" while another said, "Hits guanter gib yo' a headac'e sho', while dat bird's a sittin' on hits nest."

A new cook upon one occasion was directed to make the sponge for the bread, and to be careful to take all of the eyes out of the potatoes, to which he replied, "De eyes cut ub de 'taters, Miss, wi, yo' tekes all de good erway from dem, hit takes all de rizen out o' dem."

Ef ye' plants enythink on de dull ub de moon dat grows under de groun', hits boun' ter flur'ish; en be rui'd ef yo' plants hit on de light of de moon.

Al'ays plant enythink that grows on de top ob de groun', like tomats, en de like, on de light ob de moon, kaze it's a guineter be spilt ef yo' don't.

Ef de misses ub de house 'nocks a dish-cloth down, she's a guineter hab company.

Ef you lef' eye itches, yus gwinter be crossed fer dat day's gone.

Ef yo' rite eye itches, sumfins bound fer to pleas' yo'.

Ef yo's har lies out en bleaches in de sun en de moon, yo's suah ter 'ab better health.

*Remedies for Chills.*—Ef yo' has chills, youse teke notice how many chills youse has, cut a notch in a piece of wood fer each chill, en throw it in a runnin' stream whar yar never specters ter pass no mo', an blow youse bref on hit, es youse t'row hit in, an den go rite stra't on, home, en don look back, en you'll neber hab no mo' chills. Dats w'at de ole fo'ks sez, en deys knows w'at's w'at. But dis yeah un, I does know is so, kaze I's dun tried hit mise'f. Dat is, ef youse goes to a oak-tree on de sunny side, en boe a hole in hit toward de north side dez bout to de h'art, en blow yo' bref in hit, en stop hit up tight, den de tree'll die, end yu's won't hab no mo' chills. Dat's sarta — in en sho, dat is, fo' I's dun been dun hit mise'f."

MARY WALKER FINLEY SPEERS.

EARLEIGH HEIGHTS ON SEVERN,  
MARYLAND.

AN INGALIK CEREMONIAL IN ALASKA. — The following account of one of the nature dances of the Ingalik of Alaska is given by Miss Margaret C. Graves, in *Tit-bits* (vol. xv, No. 2), published at St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md. Miss Graves says, in a letter written from Anvik, Alaska, —

"Last night I went to the village to see one of the nature dances. I will try the best I can to describe it, because from the point of view of a spectacle it was worth seeing. For two or three months during the winter there is constant feasting from one village to another. Friday night the 'feasters' came, — eight dog-teams from the Shageluk, preceded by a messenger. The visitors cannot enter the village until the messenger announces their arrival and brings back the word that they are welcome. Three days the feasting lasts, and then they have to leave. The ceremony was quite pretty last night at the Kashime. The Kashime is the town hall, a large underground room. It is quite an experience to go into it, — down on your hands and knees and crawl under a great flapping bear-skin. I believe I am not inaccurate when I say there are not many underground rooms left, except among the Eskimos.

"The ceremony was quite pretty as the visitors came in. The messenger gave small presents around, and then chanted a call, which was answered by the Indians outside; then the long line of them came stooping in and took their places. There is no chief in this tribe; but the people are mostly led by two medicine-men, — shamans. These leaders wear a head-dress made of wolf and wolverine fur, with fur streamers down their backs, and each carries a wand made from the tail of these animals that are called chiefs among the beasts. The visitors were then given, in token of friendship, frozen fish! (which is fresh) and loaves of bread and tobacco.

"The walls of the Kashime are ebony from smoke; and soon, when the men were all smoking and breathing, the air became dense. It was 42° below, outside. We had come in with a fringe of frost on our eyebrows and lashes into a climate